

Germantown
July 9, 1950

Dear Jochen,

I am ashamed to write to you so often out of a cloud of self-pity and complaining. I have done almost nothing the last two days except to sit around and feel physically and spiritually miserable. When I have made this brief confession to you, I will try to do a little work, and then soon it will be time to go to bed; I would like to sleep until you come.

Tomorrow I must go in town to the dentist and to do some errands. Then perhaps I shall go to Bryn Mawr to get some books. Perhaps all that activity will shake me out of the inertia in which I have become completely mired. Thank you for your letter. If anything outside of me could help me, it would. The construction of the Schiller sentences is a little too difficult for me; I can only half-way translate them. I will try again tomorrow.

Today we all drove far into the country to visit a farmer and his wife. Mrs. Alcorn was once a patient of Papa's. They are very nice people. They work very hard and live in a ramshackle, messy little house, without any running water. I felt very decadent and sybaritic when I came home and lay in my hot bath feeling sorry and disgusted with myself.

Alex has talked of going to Washington to see Sandy and then of driving on down to see you. Yet he also seems to be a little anxious about leaving Papa and Mother for long; he seems to think that Mother feels greatly relieved by the help that I have given her. I do not know what to think or to say. I feel completely rotten and incompetent, and would be ashamed to come to you as I am. If either of us can do anything here, it is probably better that we stay. I would probably feel better if I knew that it was impossible to see you until August.

Please forgive all these bad letters. I will write you a good one as soon as I can.

Deine,

Margaret